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A COLLEGE DRAMA

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THREE ACTS,

ENTITLED

An Episode in College Life.

BY

CHARLES F. HAHN,

MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '81, OF MADISON UNIVERSITY.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by CHAS. F. HAHN, in
the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.*

UTICA, N. Y.

PRESS OF CURTISS & CHILDS, 167 GENESEE STREET.

1881.

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PERSONÆ.



G. W. SMITH,	} <i>Fresh- men.</i>	JUNIOR,
WEST,		1ST SENIOR,
WORDSWORTH,		2D “
PETER WUNDERBANK,		PREX.,
SCOTT,		PROFESSOR,
CROCKER,		1ST TOWNY,
PHILEMON,		2D “
1ST FRESHMAN,		3D “
2D “		LUCY,
3D “		KATE,
JONES,	} <i>Sopho- mores.</i>	MAUD,
M McNAB,		Students, Townies, Ghosts,
FANSHAW,		Janitor, Maid, &c.

AN EPISODE IN COLLEGE LIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Class room. Sound of bell. Scuffling of feet. Rush of Freshmen into the room. Some take seats, others stand. Up roar and noise.*

SONG.

SMITH.—The next will be a beautiful and lone
Duet by Peter Wunderbank.

WEST.— Give place
To Germany !

ALL.— A song from Germany !

PETER.—All right ! I sing you such duets my boys,
Dat all the people say to me, let him
Duet again ! Let him duet again !
(*Song by Peter, followed by confusion.*)

Enter Prex.

PREX.—Young gentlemen, gymnasium's over there !
(*To Scott.*) Take off your hat ! (*Exeunt.*)

WORDS.—Now furl our sail and down our helms,
After the gale let fall the calms. (*They sit down.*)

SCOTT.—What an imposing man he is ! Quaked, quelched,
And quieted by but a look ! 'Tis clear
That Prexy's lord of wind and wave, and when
He speaks, then this diminutive, and this
Tumultuous sea of ours is quieted.

SMITH.—It well befits his station. We would laugh
At less a man. But let imposing men
Beware of imposition ! They remain
Imposing longer.

WEST.— Nay I saw him smile
And look good natured as he went from here.

SMITH.—Oh, he's all right ! A frown and smile is far
The better than a smile and darker frown.
Say, none of us are hurt, are we ? By Jove !
We've nearly got a run !

Several.— Who kept the time ?

SMITH.—A minute more !

CROCKER.— A minute and a half !

1st Fr.—No ! Smith is right ! Oh squeeze that minute boy !

2d Fr.—Cut off its tail ! (Exit.)

3d Fr.— Retail it longer ! Make

It wag over !

WORDS.—Oh time where are thy wings, oh hurry !

We're in a devil of a flurry !

WEST.—Here's wanted time ! Millions for a hair's breadth !

PETER.—A second ! Mein good Livy for a second !

(Throws up book.)

(Re-Enter 2d Fr.)

1st Fr.—Prof. is at the bottom of the stairs !

SMITH.—Time's up !

CROCKER.— A half a minute more !

All.—(Rushing out except Crocker and Philemon.) A run !

(Enter Prof. wiping his forehead.)

PROF.—What meaneth this, Crocker ?

CROCKER.— The boys have run !

PROF.—(Consulting watch.) I'm just on time !

CROCKER.— Just as I think and said.

PROF.—We'll see to this ! I did not run a half

A mile to be run on for nothing now !

(Exeunt all.) CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—Campus. (Enter Freshmen singing.)

SMITH.—Ah, there they come, three kindred spirits
Now cemented fast by falsely born esteem !
You set it down, there's just as great a mass
Of pious fraud, as piety genuine
In these our days. I say, a man who will
Not run on grounds of pure Theology,
Is running his Theology into
The ground.

SCOTT.—And Crocker thinks that Prof. will mark
Him better now.

1st Fr.— But I have got within
My head an idea, that even Profs.
Despise such men.

(Enter Prof., Crocker and Phil.)

PROF.— Now gentlemen I wish
To know what all this means !

WEST.— We took a run
Professor, and we're celebrating now.

PROF.—I was on time as these two men avow.

SMITH.—We ran upon the second, didn't we boys?

All.—Yes, sirree!

CROCKER.—Not by seconds thirty-three!

PROF.—You hear what Crocker said, and now denies?

3d Fr.—We hear a dastard speak, and say he lies!

PROF.—I'm sorry gentlemen to disbelieve
You; for I cannot think but you are wrong,
And this is insubordination pure.
Therefore, I ask you to return at once
Before I seek more stern support. Respect
Not me, but do at least respect yourselves.

1st Fr.—We have respected you, and now if we
Retract, we'll never more respect ourselves.

All.—No never more, sir!

PROF.— Well, sirs, I shall call
You gentlemen no more, while thus you act.
Nor will I longer speak with you; but one
Thing sure, full reparation shall be made.
(Exeunt, with Cr. and Phil.)

PETER.—By cracky vat a mighty scrabe vere in!

SCOTT.—What I don't fancy, Prof. takes Crocker's word
Against us all. If Prexy seconds Prof.,
As ten to one he will, we'll have to cave.
'Tis something quite to fight a Prof.,
But quite another thing to fight a President.

WEST.—Professor seems to care too great a deal
For such a little action as a run.
To some Professors, conscientious men,
The smallest breach is just as great and sad
As total ruin; just as little sins
By rigid orthodoxy's made as great
As darker sins. Their sense of justice is
So great! But boys a Prof. that's sold gets mad,
As though you stamp upon his petted bunion.
He chews a sell as Pistol chawed his onion.
Professor now feels sore, and what is more,
He's sold himself more cheaply than need for.

SMITH.—Now boys our conduct will be treated as
A bolt, we meant it only for a run
And not a bolt, say, did we not?

All.— We did!

SMITH.--Now who's so fresh and strong among us here
 As wishes e'er to yield on such a day?
 Oh glorious day! I feel myself inspired
 To fight forever, rather than be robbed
 Of this bright hour. I'm but half gypsy, just
 As he was pining in yon prison there.
 And now, say I, sin if we must, let's sin
 The whole, and live one day all free from toil
 And care and study, happy as a child
 Of nature! Aye, in other words, let's bolt!

Several.—A bolt!

SCOTT.—'Tis wrong to mar the peaceful flow
 Of this fair school, to cloud the minds of Profs
 With prejudice against us. Let us make
 This reparation now, and once again
 Enjoy their confidence and their respect.

WEST. —Nay, storms must come amain, and lords must rule,
 Or all the streams of life would stagnant be,
 And lords ne'er show their lordship nor their power.
 How oft, think you, that wicked lords make up
 An artificial tempest through their hate
 Of stagnancy? And even the good Lord's
 Good dispensation's full of storms in man
 And nature, seeing proneness in long peace.
 And how, think you, the little myriad lords
 On earth, for being only men, do laugh
 Within their sleeve; when, after raising storms,
 They quell them with a word, a look, a frown,
 Oft rushing into solitude to hide
 Their smile of satisfaction? So I think
 It well for us and well for them, that storms,
 Such storms as this, come on to give us both
 Our smile. Ne'er fear our Profs will yellow grow
 With prejudice against us, for, because—
 That prison to *their* hearts in time of flowers,
 Is loathsome as it *now* doth seem to ours.
 They must for conscience sake discountenance
 All breaks and other sorts of dissonance.
 Aye, but in school the're far more ruffled brows,
 Than ruffled hearts and unrelenting vows.

SCOTT.—This all may be and may not be. At all
 Events, we must be punished for our act.
 Our President is constant as a star,
 And will not swerve from principle nor right
 To favor or misuse us.

3d Fr.—Comets are.
 We comets, as a class, are goats too.
 We've come it long enough, now let us go it!

SCOTT.—I don't believe in bolting. Turn it as
 You will, 'tis wrong. We'll bolt by it a many
 Door against us, and then reap what we
 Have sown.

SMITH.—Oh man, where is your spirit gone
 That now you waver? But a word, a small,
 A little word you stare at and you fear!
 You work and toil and wear yourselves to death,
 You dig and delve and open wide your graves;
 Your natures cry for mercy and for rest,
 By Harry, you refuse their earnest cry!
 A bolt is nothing but a name that lives
 When scruples leave and common sense comes in.

SCOTT.—A run is wrong, a bolt is grievous sin;
 This class meeting is a conspiracy!

SMITH.—Well! Hang not life upon an action! Nay,
 An action such as this doth oft make life.
 Then hail intrigue and wrong and sin and strife!
 Come learn to be a diplomat, sir dolt!
 And where oppression stern will not assail,
 Let's make oppression, and resist it well.
 The consequences cannot be but small.
 But let us all agree in this, if all
 We cannot bolt and stay, we sure can bolt
 And go elsewhere! I know a many schools
 Who welcome all, whether they're wise or fools.

2d Fr.—We need a rest, and why not take it now?
 When Prexy says retract, we'll say "give us
 A rest!" No man's a saint or devil take
 My word. We'll act alone for conscience sake.

SCOTT.—And when you say "give us a rest." then he
 Will say, retract; and better were it did
 We now retract, than then; for who will dare
 Expose himself to wrath like his? Beware!

SMITH.—Our minds indeed laxation need and change,
 Our hearts are caged in dryness and despair.
 I'll brave a wrath like his or any man's.
 And so for once, let's ready hand to hand,
 And joyous heart to heart, and earnest soul
 To soul, go singly yet together, aye,
 And harmonize this little world of ours
 With concert action, crying loud and strong,
 Justice against justice, but greatest ours!
 Then come what will! If when grave sternness warms
 It breeds indeed the cruellest of storms,
 Yet rock are undismayed; so let us be
 As adamant amidst a troublous sea.

All.—A bolt! A bolt!

SONG.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*Street. Enter Jones, McNab, Funshaw.*

JONES.—The female, George's chimerical at best.
The younger girl is like the raven charmed
By jewels, cloths of fine texture and such.
Three kinds of men do smite her most mortal,
The public man, the handsome stranger, and
The man of dress.

FAN.— I'm honest Jones, alas
For me, but neither of the three you name.

JONES.—Girls don't till later make philosophers,
Then sure they turn to charms of mind and heart;
Therefore, the wisest man doth wait awhile
And gets the best of wives. Oh fickle girls!
But yet the girls are vanities at best,
And splendid playthings for the man of ease,
And such are you and I. Let heartless be
Your younger days, grow tender as you age.
I say the best of girls will leave you for
A newer man; but woman truly loves
But once. A woman's love is worth our while.
Dress up then, George, and girlish hearts are thine,
Be public, man, or anything to shine.
This way to beat the worthy man is mine.

FAN.— On one and fifty?

JONES.— I on little more
Than that dress up, and play and smoke to boot,
Let every noble fellow follow suit.

FAN.— I'll fling a ball, I'll run a mile,
I'll lift two hundred weight and smile,
I'll row a boat with lovely spurt;
But I was never made to flirt.

JONES.—But I will never so assert,
For I am always prone to flirt.

FAN.— Well, I will work my hands and you your heart.
Of spoils, you have your own and I my part.

JONES.—Agreed! My conscience though doth often prick
Me, George, when'er I see a maiden on
In years, who flirted 'way her youth with such
As me, and now's a woman without choice.
Oh girls, flirt not too hard with every man!
A modest girlhood is the safer plan!

McNAB.—By jimminy! A Freshman with a cane!

JONES.—Oh tempora! Oh moree! Must this be?

(*Enter Peter.*)

McNAB.—You minion of the German devil, halt!
You raw recruit! You minny! Stack your arms!

Surrender in the name of Sophomore
And to our Alma Mater's honor, sir !
In other words, my Dutchy friend, throw down
Your cane and canter.

PETER.— What for you take me !

A fool ?

JONES.—Defy us, do you ? At him boys !

PETER.—Get out ! Get off of me ! You give me what
Is mine ! I'll kill you ! Diebs ! You burglars ! Dem !
(*They get it.*)

McNAB.—Go on your way in peace and quiet now,
And Dutchy never carry stick again.
(*Exeunt three.*)

PETER.—Dere's dree to one ! Oh cowards, deifels, dem !
Now by der Prince Bismarck, dere vill be done
Someding for dis, so shure as I am Peter
Wunderbank, and Peter Wunderbank is me !
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—*Room of student. Lamp. Smith alone.*

SMITH.—And I'm a man to-day ! Age twenty-one !
A visionary man in swaddling clothes.
The greatest that I know, I Freshman am,
Both fresh in manly years, and fresh, most fresh,
In manly deeds ! I would I were a man !
So shameful do I feel at times 'midst these
Boy's pranks, these playful scrapes so puerile.
A man's diversion ? Man's estate ? A *man's*
Estate is noble action. Here a man
Of thirty-five is but a boy with him
Of seventeen, and he of seventeen
Is often more the man. 'Tis college ways !
No lusty heroes live in college walls.
There's liars and non-liars, there's conceits
And non-conceits, there's sense and nonsense, there
Is good and bad, there's popularity,
Unpopularity ; but heroes rare.
Like sheep the one is fat the other lean.
In active life alone heroes and honor
Thrive. I long to glide upon the flowing stream
Of life, and build upon its peopled banks.
Patience the word ? Aye, gentle whisper, thanks !

(*Knock.*)

Come in !

(*Enter 3d Fr., Wordsworth and West.*)

3d Fr.— Hello, my boy ! You study midst
A bolt ? A most cool head ! Vesuvius cast

Me forth, what is the matter? Weeping sure
As shot!

SMITH.—The glare of light has made my eyes
To water. Come to play at whist?

3d Fr.—

Prezact!

What's this? Zeus help us Latin! Here is Greek!
There you go Greek! There you go Latin! Oh!
Let us have something modern! Set around!
This everlasting Latin's pilfered all,—
Its monuments, its style, its sentiments,
Its thoughts, its forms, its poetry, its prose,—
'Tis making contrabandists of us all.
E'en Cicero was only Captain Kid
Of ancient times, with coffers full enough
Of stolen treasures, and we are his apes.
And this old Greek, which, buried years ago,
Yet keeps a man a digging for its bones.
Will turn us back, and make us ancients now,
When all the world for moderns begs aloud.
My friends desire to know that which I know;
That which I know I do not know to tell,
And they are disappointed. Discipline?
Than dig again the grave of buried Greek,
I'd rather cage the slippery lightning streak.
Than nose about and grub dry Latin roots,
I'd rather garner scientific fruits.

WORDS.—And as for me, than grub for Latin roots,
I'd rather blacken Uncle Sammy's boots;
I'd like to polish up the constitution.
I'll either be a lawyer or a statesman.

WEST.—No boys, you'll need these precious herbs,
They do not make you fat, but make you strong.
With one foot, hand, and thought within the past,
The other in the present should you live.
'Tis dig, then, build; decay, that life may live;
Destroy and reconstruction on the wreck.
The past is discipline, the present the deeds,
The future hopes and fears. We need them all.

3d Fr.—Say, West, where is all your collateral
To-night?

WEST.—Sworn off! My lady does not like
The savour.

3d Fr.—

Woman, what a power!

SMITH.—

Ay!

The gentlest, yet the greatest check I know,
Is that that woman's counsel doth bestow.
If woman despair in her sacred mission,
God help the man in such a low condition.

But shame to her who leads a man to drink,
To smoke, to chew, to play, to dance, or wink
At little sins. More manly is it far,
To live sans wine, sans cards and sans cigar.

(*Noise without. Enter Peter.*)

3d Fr.—By all the mummied laity what is
The row?

PETER.— I've been insulted, gentlemen!
Three bloody Sophs did fell upon my back
And took from me the cane dat what was mine,
Der class cane what we bought!

SMITH.— And hurt you, eh?

PETER.—My feelings they hurt irrepayable.

SMITH.—Enough of whist! A better game than this
Is now on hand. Go call the fellows in!

(*Exit West.*)

And Peter you shall be avenged, or by—

(*Enter Fresh. and a Junior.*)

Come in my boys! a run, a bolt, and cap
It all a fight on hand! Here's Peter been
Insulted, robbed, and beat by Sophomores.

3d Fr.—Why Socrates, defend us! This insults
Us all! I say, revenge!

1st Fr.—I'm aching long
To fight. The Sophs are braggart over us.
I'll risk my head to save my sacred honor,
And fight to death as doth a many soldier.
This is a case of dignity and honor,
And I in these sad times of chivalry
Would be an honest soldier.

WORDS.—Life's crises end in fight, in fame or death.
One only loses blood, another loses breath.
Who loses blood, is healed by balms of fame;
Who loses breath, can wish no better name
Than that he breathed his last upon the field.
If we immortals make not mortals yield,
These Sophs are mortals,—let me die in peace,
And say that immortality doth cease.

SMITH.—Enough of nonsense, this is nothing small!
I'm in for this and long to try my sword,
My cane, I mean, this Freshman magic wand,
And promise you that e'er it broken be,
Three Sophs, at least, shall feel its mightiest force.
To-morrow let us fight as bravely as
We may; and then to cap the climax, and
Complete the gay programme, our scurvy mates
Let's rush, who in despite of right are now

Attending recitations daily. Let
 Us broaden breach in cause of justice, that
 We may show to our lords and ladies one,
 A stalwart front, the other, manly deeds.

Junior.—Well, Freshies, I am with you heart and soul!
 I have a deeper grudge than you against
 These Sophs. The Juniors are your truest friends.
 Look now to them for counsel and support.
 Fight valiantly as heroes in the fray,
 For dignity and honor brave their canes,
 And lay on double strokes and triple blows.
 Strike three for Peter here, and three times three
 For noble self, and one crush stroke for me !
(*Exeunt.*)

WEST.—If Smith our captain be, then we shall win.
 Let's swear our fealty. Now I, now you
 Swear, all have sworn. Hurrah for Captain Smith !

SMITH.—*Sh!* And now to bed. Don't grow soft hearted in
 'The night. Good night, and martial dreams!
(*Exeunt Fresh.*)

The little stone again begins to roll.
 At any rate the real conflict of boys (*Bell strikes twelve.*)
 Is next to that of men. The morrow has
 Begun, its end.
(*Kneels.*) CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Campus. Enter Freshmen.*

SMITH.—Here let us halt and tie our 'kerchief on
 Our arms, our strong right arms, and let it be (*Yells off.*)
 A sign of fealty and union ! . Look !
 You see your yonder crowd of foes ? And now
 Remember all the bitter taunts, the base
 Insults in public and in private they
 Have heaped on you ! Remember how like geese
 They hissed at you in chapel ! Yelling fish !
 And fresh ! mewing, scoffing, and mocking you
 With epithets too vile and harsh to be
 Forgot unpunished. They felt above
 You then ; but let us change this boastful pride,
 And fight it out of them ; and then we'll show—
 In every model household, baby must
 Be king ! Let babes to-day teach men, manhood !
 And now you little army, armed as
 You are ; when stern resistance meets us, let
 Us unresistless force our way, as though
 Our foes were reeds, our bodies chariots
 Of war, our canes were dragons' spears, our cause

Most glorious ! This day determines for
 Us, whether insults we must take and bear
 Or not ; and whether we can carry canes
 Or not ; and whether we are valiant men !
 Remember, Peter, what you owe to them !
 Remember, men of honor, what we owe
 To them and to our good insulted class !
 Remember all, a duty calls you now !
 Your duty is as great, your loyalty
 As dear, as though upon the field of war
 You fought ! And now they come ! Fight for your rights
 And noble manhood ! Fight for peace and due
 Respect ! For sacred honor, class and mates !
 Brace up, men ! Charge !

(Enter Sophs and fight.)

(Enter Peter, driving McNab before him at front of stage.)

PETER.— Aha ! You blower ! Now
 The German deifel's got you in his clutch !
 Now see the minion beat the lord ! Now see
 The minny swallow up the whale ! Dere's one,
 Two, dree ! 'Tis I, I, Peter Wunderbank !
 And Peter Wunderbank is me ! Get out !
(Drives McNab off.)

(Enter Smith and Jones from opposite sides.)

SMITH.—Good ! Smith meet Jones !

JONES.— And Soph meet Fresh !

SMITH.— You are
 A leader, so am I ! Let's bear a hand,
 Decide the battle here !

JONES.— All right ! How's that ? *(Thrust.)*

SMITH.—Very much adjacent ; but yet a miss !

(Enter two Sophs.)

What so unoccupied ? Now play me fair.
 My cane ! *(Is beaten back.)* Fresh to the rescue ! Fresh-
 men to
 The rescue ! *(Enter two Fresh.)*

Right in time, my boys ! Lay on !

(Enter Prexy excited. Sophs flee.)

PREXY.—Hold ! Hold ! In heaven's name must men e'er ape
 The devil ? Very images of the
 Almighty God deface each other thus ?
 For shame ! For shame ! The greatest sign of man's
 Depraved mind is found in recreation
 Such as this ! And what have you for which
 To fight, and draw each other's blood ? What wrong
 B

Of rights deprived, of insults worth a name
To make you mad like this? You strike against
A brother all for nought. You think it nought?
Why! Why! 'Tis past belief!

SMITH.— No, Doctor, but
A principle's concerned in this, and this
To us is just as great as greater ones
Must be to greater men.

PREX.— We'll see! We'll see!
There's one thing sure—the devil's loose and we
Must hold him in. Go to your rooms and wash
And bathe your face with liniment, and meet
Me in the morning! (Exeunt.)

SMITH.— Peter, you did well!
And now, what is the list of accidents
And casualties?

WEST.— The fol'wing is the true
Official list of all the soldiers slain
And wounded left upon the field, and of
The prisoners and arms that we have ta'en.
Of killed, there's none on either side, thank God!
Of wounded, near as we can say, eighteen
On every side. Of prisoners not one.
Of arms, we've taken seven well-preserved
And seven broken canes. The enemy
Have flown before the face of wrath, beyond
The points of Freshmen canes. May heaven get
Our thanks for such a bloodless victory!

Several.—Amen! Amen!

SMITH.— Amen it is! You know
What you have gained to-day. But more's on hand.
Pray don't forget it! Let us give our yell
And go to dinner, where we'll eat as we
Have earned. Let's call our battle, Freshmen's fight.
(Yell.)
Remember what we have on hand to-night!

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*Street. Enter 1st Towny.*

1st Towny.—To be or not to be, that is not the
Question. To be? Aye! That is it exact!
To be a towny unoppressed, or be
A towny dead. These hill cattle are too
Imperious! Alas the pristine strength
Of this our town! Alas the fade-away
Of manly strength and valor! Aye, alas
The coming in of poverty, intrigue,

Hypocrisy, and all deceit, and all
 Conceit ! I weep for thee, my usurped town !
 I hate to walk thy noble streets, they seem
 As not my own ! Thy daughters turn away
 From us, and waste their youth and bloom upon
 A transient villainy ! I seem to see.....

(Enter two Townies fighting, crowd following.)

A fight ! *(Rushing among them.)*

Let up ! Why waste your strength against
 Each other, when you have such noble game
 To fight against ?

2d Towny.— I'm always ready to
 Defend myself 'gainst friend and foe alike,

3d Towny.—And I rely upon my arms to make
 Defence or get revenge.

1st Towny.— Then listen now !
 We townies who would be quite popular,
 Must take a second place, Aye, and often
 A low third place within our town !

2d Towny.— I've felt
 It !

1st Towny.— I have got a scheme. To let out our
 Feelings, let's give the hill cattle a rub
 With stones, with eggs, with anything !

2d Towny.— I take !
 Let us unite the strength of this whole town
 Against the college; fighting only for
 Our own ; repelling all attacks upon
 Our sacred honor,—even we have that,—
 And living, dying,—free,—for in the walks
 Of life that's low, a little freedom is
 A giant thing. *(2d and 3d Townies make up.)*

1st Towny.—*(Aside.)* Combined ? 'Tis hardly worth
 Combining ! Yet a little excitement
 Is quite acceptable.

Several.— A cop ! A cop ! *(Exeunt all.)*

SCENE III.—*(Room on hill. Smith and two Seniors seated.)*

1st Sen.—Now, Smith, we wish to speak on grave affairs.
 You are the head of this revolt, and hence
 You are responsible for what occurs.
 The Profs. are all incensed the way you act,
 And with indulgence rare await your just
 Obedience.

2d Sen.— You Freshmen must not be
 Too independent. In the best of all
 Our colleges, the Freshman finds his place.
 The Freshman doffs to Sophomore, and so
 The Sophomore to Junior doffs ; and the
 Senior is the most mighty head of all.
 Accept the facts ! Come, lead your fellows back !

SMITH.—A man's a man in college or without ;
 But often less a man within. I cringe
 To none who will not cringe to me.
 I'll honor any one who won't look down
 On me. Obey whene'er obedience
 Is due. I say spite hurt, spite loss of pale
 Affection, stand up for your rights, and truth,
 And honor. No one else will stand as well
 For you.

1st Sen.— You see things wrong. The good regards
 Of men are not to be despised, but must
 Be coveted ; for we are all likewise
 Dependent on our friends, and chiefly on
 Our influential friends for help. A show
 Of fawning often reaps a good reward.

SMITH.—I seek from friends no more than I can claim
 By right. I beg of none but God. Perhaps,
 Too true, I'll be a beggar all my life ;
 But what of that ? A beggar with a gem
 He will not sell ! My chiefest moments of
 Delight, are when in need, I yet can feel
 Myself above mere changing flesh, and on
 Level with spirit which is free. We are
 Just what we are, and neither pow'r in Heav'n
 Nor earth, if we act natural, can change
 Us.

2d Sen.— These small acts deserve not such a warmth.
 This run, this bolt, this fight, is far too small
 A thing to fill your thoughts.

SMITH.— No act's too small,
 But what the greatest principle's involved.

2d Sen.—When college honors, college favors, such
 As you might easily enjoy, are sure
 To follow your return to work, I think
 We surely wish you well, as now we give
 You this advice.

SMITH.— For college honors I
 Care not, unless they come unsought ; then they
 Also are sweet.

1st Sen.—

Just let me say a word.

I tell you what, you'll rue this spirit, when
You feel the need of friendly aid. You keep
Yourself in check. And even when your friends
Would help you up, you out of over self-
Reliance would withdraw from grand success.
You've got to fight forever for your life,
Your reputation, and subsistence, which
Must oft be won by wisdom and sound sense.
You're your own enemy. Too reliant
To be happy in this hard world. Enough!
Give up this petty riot, Smith! Give 't up!

SMITH.—Don't ask me, please! I may seem very proud
And independent now. I was not so
Always; for I was over-modest once.
Remember, I am twenty-one, and thoughts
Have seemed to ripen in my mind, and in
My heart, feelings. I may be humbled soon,
Please do not try it now; for with your blunt
Discussions, you might'st well attempt to calm
A nettled colt with tickle, thump and thrust,
Or sew a pretty seam with a crowbar! (*bah.*)

(*Passes between them.*)

I've hurt your feelings? Say, I used to hurt
My own to that degree; that, did I hurt
A friend, I'd weep long after pardon, and
Often chose outs where ins were at my hand,
For sake of others. Then I lost, I now
Must win. I can't afford longer to lose.
I love the Profs, and truly love you all,
And I am independent now, under
The solemn protest of my heart, which bids
Me seek pardon.

(*Enter Junior.*)

JUNIOR.— Good evening boys! what thoughts
So mighty trouble heads so great?

1st Sen.—

We come

As peacemakers to Smith.

JUNIOR.—(*To Smith.*)

They come to make

You eat your words, regret your acts, give up
Your liberty of thought, and tony down
To overbearing men! I tell you what,
These little things, when we are put upon
Our honor, try us just as greater things
Try greater men. Give up indeed! Why you
Have more a name to-day, than e'er before.
People now point at you and say, that that
Young man will make something out of himself.

2d Sen.—If you be his adviser, we shall have
But poor success indeed.

JUNIOR.— Some maxims hear !
A moral fight and victory is worth
A hundred hundred Latin roots. A good
And noble purpose, well observed, is worth
A thousand, in the light of future need.
Much rather fizzle in your class, than do
So in your feebled wills, your faithless hearts,
And narrowed minds. He is not every time
The better man who most doth study. So
Is servile like obedience much worse
Than stubborn disobedience. Take home
The case ! Make it your own ! Then say is not
Smith right ?

2d Sen.— You do not justify the bolt
I hope. He made rebellion open.

JUNIOR.— Wrongs
Did urge him on !

1st Sen.— Who has a right to say
What's right and wrong ? Who is the President
Of this concern ? Who are the officers
But all interpreters of Law ? What they
Say, that is always right, as far as we're
Concerned.

JUNIOR.— Well I beg leave here to object.
Right 's always right, and half the time 'tis lost
To men, because of spirits such as yours.
Do you intend to aim at, e'er control
A state, or any lively office which
The century may give ? Why you are but
Ideal students taking calmly on
Your Alma Mater's idiosyncracies,
And saying to the world: oh world, nothing
Art thou to me ! *Here* is my life in full !
Soon, soon enough, out in the world will you
Exclaim: oh Alma Mater, nothing art
Thou now to me, *here* is my life in full !
You'll feel no love because you got no good
To help you in the world. When I graduate
I want to say: my college course had taught
Me strength of character, as well as gave
Me knowledge. Then I'll prove my loyalty
And love to Alma Mater.

1st Sen.— I say chum !
These boys are either far beyond or far
Behind us. Anyhow we've wandered in

Discussion far enough. We leave you Smith,
 With hopes that you will heed our good advice.
(Exeunt Seniors.)

JUNIOR.—Common humanity seems set against
 Whoever acts most natural. Smith, shake !
 And let us vow ourselves anew to truth,
 To honesty, and fearlessness ! *(Shaking hands.)*

SMITH.— I have
 A hundred reasons, ready, genuine,
 Why we should be allowed a run, a fight,
 And now a reinstatement.

JUNIOR.— Stick to them !
 Good night !

SMITH.— We'll meet again shortly ! Good night.
(Exeunt Jun. CURTAIN.)

SCENE IV.—*Street. (Enter Fresh, who sing a song.)*

Several.—On to the seminary ! *(Exeunt all.)*

(Enter two boys from opposite sides.)

1st Boy.— Who are those
 Fellows ?

2d Boy.— Society members !

1st Boy.— Of what
 Society ?

2d Boy.— Of the great α , β , γ ,
 Δ , ϵ , ζ , η , θ , ι , κ , λ , μ , ν ,
 ξ , \omicron , π , ρ , σ , τ , υ , ϕ , χ , ψ , ω , society !

1st Boy.—What is its motto ?

2d Boy.— Why speak harm behind,
 A rival's back, and honey in his ear.
 Society supreme. All manliness
 Is arbitrary. Satan help the cute.
 The Lord preserve the feeble. Brotherhood
 With men at large, a lie.

1st Boy.— Enough ! enough ! *(Exeunt both.)*

SCENE V.—*Sem. Parlor.*

(Singing heard outside. Enter Jones and Lucy.)

LUCY.— I like those masculine pieces!

JONES.—The instruments or the music? (*Tries to kiss her.*)

LUCY.— Oh stop! They are going away! Those sweet songs do echo in my head, as in the hollow shell the soft sea murmurs loiter.

JONES.—Good! “The soft sea murmurs loiter!” You seminary ladies are so poetical, yet so chimerical!

LUCY.— Mr. Jones, I know you’re tipsy!

JONES.—No! Just drank a drop this evening for conscience sake. Jones is never tight, (*aside*) except for cash.

LUCY.— Except for what?

JONES.—Hash!

LUCY.— ’Tis a pity! You ought to board with us. Oh yes! Tell me now of the battle you fought, and how you received this poor black eye.

JONES.—Well, three or four attacked me on all sides; and, though I foiled them all and laid them low, yet one young rascally Freshman made a lunge at me, and struck me in the eye, as I was warding off three other fell strokes.

LUCY.—Brave soldier! Now your wound is beautiful, an honor to your face.

JONES.—And as I’m brave enough to fight, I’m true enough to love. You are a nice girl, Lucy, and I love you. Will you be mine, mind, body, and soul?

LUCY.—Will you vow your love to me?

JONES.—(*Attitude.*) I swear by all that’s high—

(1st Ghost Rises.)

1st Ghost.—No! No! Swear not! You swore to me the same;
When Senior Academe you vowed in name
Of the most high your love for me, poor me!

JONES.—Depart, you shade of recollection!

1st Ghost.—Yes, tired you were of me, and left me sad.
Beware of him, he’s fooling, fooling thee! (*Exit.*)

JONES.—All right! Have you gone? O, Lucy, I was acting! You see my genius is versatile. Now hear me swear again!

I swear by all that's high.....

(*2d Ghost Rises.*)

2d Ghost.—No! No! Swear not! You swore to me the same,
When Freshman you did vow a vow in name,
Of the most high, your love for me, poor me!

JONES.—(*Loudly.*) Confound you! Out! Out!

LUCY.—(*In terror.*) Heaven save me! The deliriums are on him.
Mr. Jones.....

2d Ghost.—When I was young ye took me in, so sad!
Beware of him, he's fooling, fooling thee! (*Exit.*)

JONES.—She's gone, too! Come on, ye host, with all your array
of ghostly forms, and mournful voices!
Fickle ye were, fickle ye are, fickle ye will ever be!
Just see me play the actor! This is Shakspeare, Lucy,
Shakspeare. Now, by the great horn spoons, I'll swear
if all hell itself turns out! I—swear—by—all—
that's

LUCY.—No! no! Swear not!

JONES.—Ha! what! still another? You? Well, Lucy, I'll swear
another time. Come! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Kate and Smith.*)

KATE.—Oh, George, you had a splendid fight and victory; accept
my compliments!

SMITH.—Yes, Prexy just prevented final mastery. But better far
than mastery gained was it; because it would be
rather too strange a time and place, as to-day and in
this college, for the Freshmen to play the despot.

KATE.—I'm glad then that it happened so.

SMITH.—And why, I ask, Miss Kate, are you glad?

KATE.—Because my sympathies are with the Freshmen.

SMITH.—With the Freshmen? Why?

KATE.—Because such noble men are there.

SMITH.—E. G.

KATE.—Charley West, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Scott, and....

SMITH.—Mr. G. W., George Washington, immortal; S., Smith,
mortal, Freshman, F. R. S.

KATE.—O, yes! He's rather nice!

SMITH—And you are nice, Miss Kate! Confess that you love me!

KATE—Love you? By what course of logic have you come to that degree of impertinence?

SMITH—I leapt across a gulf of woe and said,—“Confess that you love me.” I vow my love to you with all my heart. My first true love! A strong right arm and true heart’s love I give to you. Now what do you give me?

KATE—My heart’s pure love and small white hand.

(Enter Junior and Maud.)

SMITH—I told you so, and here we are well met!

Junior—Well won, I hope!

SMITH—*(Aside.)* I’ve won her, boy!

Junior.—*(Aside.)* So have I!

KATE—*(Aside.)* I’ve won him, Maud!

MAUD—*(Aside.)* So have I!

Junior—They say that love is blind. I say that love
Is helpful. Is love blind? No! No! ’Tis not!
Its eyes are full of light, its touch is full
Of feeling. Cares it not for space, for miles,
Finite or infinite, delay it not.
It cares it not for time, for love lives on,
And loved ones now, are loved ones evermore.
With such a love, *(to Maud,)* I thee, I thee adore.

SMITH—I’ve often wept and sighed in vain to find
A comfort to my heart and troubled mind.
But what of all of this? I’m loved! I love!
I’ll patient be, I’ll slowly rise above,
Above this waiting and this murmuring;
Where I can rise on free and tireless wing;
And battles wage and triumphs win to me;
And lay them down at my love’s feet, as she
Will worthy prove of all I win or be.
Love after all is joy, is hope, is life;
(To Kate.) And so we seek thee for our loving wife.

(Meanwhile Jones and Lucy come back in time to hear the last words.)

JONES—*(Both coming forward.)* And I have found a love and wife!

Junior—*(To Smith and Jones.)* A truce!

JONES.—Spite foolishness, depravity, my Luce
Was won by a pair of black eyes. My joy
Will be that when I am a blue-eyed boy
Again, for I have pretty deep blue eyes,
That she will see the love that in them lies.

(Song with six voices. Bell. Curtain.)

SCENE VI.—(*Street or hill. Enter Fresh., masked. Night. All in a low voice.*)

SMITH.—Remember, use no names! Where men will sin
And no authority denounce, there must
The law be taken into hand. The Lynch
Law must prevail, if law legitimate
Cannot. 'Twill maim our spirits, kill our life,
If such a sin remains unpunished here.

SCOTT—We have no right to venture this, I fear.

3d *Fresh.*—No right!

All.—sh!

3d *Fresh.*— No right? That monosyllable's
Misunderstood too oft. The feelings of
The honest men who cherish honor bright,
(Are we not honest men?) Are always right.

1st *Fresh.*—I hate a most mean man, and would....

SMITH.— No hate
Not such a man, but pity him. His fate
Is hard and pitiable. It seems as though
A duty urges on, come weal or woe.
Come weal or woe, a duty urges on.
Come weal or woe, our duty must be done.
(*Song. Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII. *Room on Hill.*

(*Sound of snoring heard from bed-room off. Knock.*)

CROCKER.—(*Within.*) I wonder who is knocking at the door?

PHIL.—(*Within.*) Don't know! Get up and see!

CROCKER.—(*Appearing half-dressed.*) Say, who are you?

3d *Fr.*—(*Outside.*) Oh, do come open up, and do not keep
Us waiting here!

CROCKER.—(*Getting revolver.*) Hi, chum! Come out!

PHIL.—(*Appearing.*) Who is't?

CROCKER.—I'm half afraid they mean to do us harm!

(*Thumping. Cr. and Phil. stand against the door, which is burst in. The revolver goes off.*)

SMITH.—Thou conscientious and unconscientious
 Man! A poverty of soul behind
 A magazine of powder, you would once
 Betray your mates, and after murder them!
 Be comforted, that if you this offence
 Had done, it would have been in self-defence.
 Seize him and tie him tightly to a chair!
 Now, Crocker, you are to be tried to-night
 For perjury and infidelity,
 The two sins of the nineteenth century!
 You, usher, read the charge!

WEST.— John Crocker, you
 Are under these three grand indictments : first,
 For perjury, in your base lie about
 Our just run ; second, for your desertion
 Of class in time of need in our grand fight ;
 And third, for infidelity, on each
 And every day reciting alone in
 The absence of your class. Now answer! Are
 You guilty or not guilty ?

CROCKER.— Who made all
 Of you my judges ? I'll not answer!

SMITH.— Bring
 Here large supply of cold aquavitæ
 From earth's deepest recess and mountain top!
(3d Fr. comes forward with pitcher.)

3d Fr.—My lord, the cold aquavitæ is here!

SMITH.—Pour twenty ounces down his back and wait
 The grave issue!

3d Fr.— The twenty ounces are
 Gone down, my lord! Lo, where's the grave issue ?

SMITH.—Inquire, usher!

WEST.— Guilty or not guilty ?

CROCKER.—You are a beastly set of cads and fools!

SMITH.—Pour twenty ounces of your sweet and cold
 Aquavitæ adown his back and wait. *(Song.)*

3d Fr.—The twenty ounces are adown my lord!

SMITH.—Usher!

WEST.— Guilty or not guilty ?

CROCKER.— You will
 All suffer well for this!

SMITH.— Tip back his head
 Thirty degrees. Pour five ounces adown
 His throat and wait! Now take example from
 The chicken, boy, and when you drink give thanks!

3d Fr.—The five ounces are gone adown my lord!

SMITH.—Usher!

WEST.— Guilty or not guilty! (*Crocker is silent.*)

SMITH.— Now lay
 Him gently down upon his shiv'ring back!
 (*They lay him rudely down.*)

3d Fr.—He's tenderly laid down, my lord! Upon
 His shiv'ring back!

SMITH.— Uphoist his feet high in
 The air, and pour your cold aquavitæ
 Into his pantaloons and wait!

3d Fr.— The cold
 Aquavitæ is gone, my lord, into
 His pantaloons.

SMITH.— Usher!

WEST.— Guilty or not
 Guilty? (*Crocker still silent.*)

SMITH.—Now lift him up! Detach him! Hold
 Him fast! Say, Crocker, we do not delight
 In this. It is the gravest act of all
 Our lives. A lesson must be taught. Each one
 Of you, most loyal ones, go mark the knave
 And traitor with a blow of scorn upon
 His face! (*None move.*) You noble few, I thank you for
 Your loyal disobedience.

CROCKER.— Forgive
 Me boys! I'm guilty! Or here now give me
 My sentence! Oh I've been a coward, fool,
 And dastard! Cast me out! I don't deserve
 The name of Freshman more. I see my mean
 Spirit and servile! Now I think with you!
 Forgive me boys! I'll be a better man! (*Masks off.*)

SMITH.—Forgive you? Aye, and love you now! We hear
 Such sweet refrains, the sweetest that e'er fell
 From lips of yours. Come, let him dress, and let
 Us warm him up with some brave oyster stews.
 A prodigal is he! Let's kill for him
 The fatted calf, and put a ring upon

His hand, and let no wicked brother grieve!
 I say break mean inclined men by the
 Most harshest means, and that alone will save
 Them from their wicked ways. Our gay programme is
 done,

Our sad programme is soon begun.

(*Song. CURTAIN.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Classroom. (Prex., Prof., Freshmen, except Smith.)*

PREX.—I wish to say a word or two to you
 Young gentlemen. And say what I shall say
 As president. As long as I am here,
 I must perform my duties whether they
 Be disagreeable or otherwise.
 As this case stands, you are without excuse.
 Your Professor had kept the time as well
 As you, and it was your duty to do
 As he desired. This fight I do not now
 Condemn, for when the passions rise, the mind
 Is out. I will not now speak of the rush
 Upon your fellow classmates, since its end
 Was not disastrous. Let that go! And let
 The fight go, too! The run was only wrong.
 The bolt was only wrong. There's no excuse.
 And now shall you my only sentence know?
 Give up and stay; keep on the bolt, and go! (*Rises.*)

3d Fr.—Our time was right!

PREX.—Keep still! Don't contradict
 Me! What I say I mean! Young gentlemen
 You are committing mental suicide.
 Unlawful acts will always bring their sad
 Rewards. Why! why! You're past your boyhood days.
 The morning star of life's already in
 Decline for you, and evening twilight greets
 Half way the dawn of active life, and yet
 You're reckless still! Give up this freak! And when
 Again you honor Professor and me,
 Another trinity's in unity. (*Exeunt.*)

PROF.—You place me in a very difficult
 Position. I have told my tale to all
 The Faculty; and, if you still maintain
 Your point, as probably you will, if you
 Insist on it, then I lose much respect
 In other eyes, and feel myself disgraced.
 I hope you think some better of it now.

3d Fr.—I do not like the words which we just heard.
As though we had no right at all to think
Or know what 's true!

PROF.— He must authority
Uphold, and must maintain his privilege
To say what must and what must not be done.
I know, I know, that under all his brusque
And sternness, dwells a tenderness and love
For you, which you're unconscious of, and which
He smothers, to maintain the dignity
Position calls from him.

WEST.— We were both right
Perhaps, and times were wrong. Time never lies,
But watches often lie. I think we are
However unprepared to-day, and so
Cannot recite.

PROF.— I'll call upon the class
For Monday's recitations merely. Let
Me say to you, that only work, which you
Seem loth to do, in after years will make
You men. I will dismiss you now.
I only wish to add, that I have done just as
I did, because I felt that I would prize
Your love and good appreciation years
In future, than your present passing love.

3d Fr.—Hurrah, for Prex. and Prof!

All.— Hurrah! Hurrah!

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE II.—*Hill. (Enter Fresh. and Smith from opposite sides.)*

WEST.—Smith, why was it you did not come in class?

SMITH.—I'm always prone to talk too much at such
A time; and when I speak it worries me
For hours afterward. What did you do?

WEST.—If we do so accept we are let off
On only Monday's recitations.

SMITH.— Well!

We may as well accept. Though we may not
Compel our officers to yield to us,—
And who would wish them to give in to us,—
We yet have taught them to respect us in
The future. It will be a treaty, though
Unwritten and unsaid; yet still 'twill be
A treaty by tradition handed down.

(Song.)

Several.—On to the campus! Let us haste!

(Exit.)

SCENE III.—*Campus. Sophomores. (Enter Fresh.)*

Sophs.— Fresh! Fish!

Fresh.—Canes! canes for sale! Cheap!

Sophs.— Shut that mousetrap! ya—!

JONES.—A challenge!

All.— Ho! a challenge!

JONES.— Fanshaw dares
To wallop any Freshman you may name.

CROCKER.—My classmates beg I now a favor from
Your hands. Choose me to be your champion.
If loyalty and love can battles win,
If courage counts amid the battle's din,
Choose me your champion, and give me chance,
To atone for past mistakes by sharp pennance.

All.— Hurrah for Crocker!

SMITH.— He's a noble fellow!
(*Fight, confusion.*)
(*Enter Janitor.*)

Janitor.—The Townies have attacked a lot of boys
Down town with eggs and stones; why don't you go
And help them? (*Exeunt.*)

SMITH.— Come, Soph. Jones, what is the use
Of fighting here for nothing. Let us leave
Our battle for a better one. Let us
Unite our forces to resist the strength
Of this whole town. Or better still, let's join
Our hands in peace and fight no more.

JONES.— All right,
I have no grave objection to't, Fresh. Smith.

SMITH.—Then we are friends! come shake! shake all around!
(*They shake.*)

WORDS.—Why, we are not so much an enemy
As one would think. We're never enemies
Unless in wrath. These Townies must be beat;
Let's all unite to do this easy feat.
No enemies are found in college walls
When foreign danger to the conflict calls.
We are no longer Soph's or Freshmen now;
We'll join together, make a common vow,
To save our Alma Mater from all harm,
With honest mind, and heart, and strong right arm.

JONES.—Then out upon these Townies come! Shout not
 For Fresh., shout not for Sophomore, but shout
 For Alma Mater and her glory; come!
 (*Exeunt. CURTAIN.*)

SCENE IV.—(*Street. Enter Townies.*)

1st Towny.—No use afigthing them! Too many and
 Too strong are they for little forces such
 As we to beat!

2d Towny.— We cannot scare the hill,
 We cannot rule the town, we must
 Confine ourselves and our exertions to
 A single little district where we live.

3d Towny.—I see we must confine our energy
 To fighting 'mongst ourselves.
 (*To 2d Towny.*) Come you and end
 That little matter yesterday disturbed
 By such vain expectations. Come! (*Square off.*)

1st Towny.— Look out!
 Here comes the conq'ring host! 'Tis Gideon's band!
 Alas! Our combination is a sham!
 It's whole credit ain't worth a single d—!
 (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Fresh. and Soph.*)

JONES.—Stop! This is far enough! The Townies have
 A lair and stronghold which we cannot storm,
 As well as we. The point is this, we do
 Not want the town, but woe betide the men
 Or boys, who dare usurp the hill!

WEST.— I've got
 A good idea, we've made it up with Prex.
 And Prof., and with these royal fellows here,
 And what could we to show our feelings more,
 Than were we to prepare a banquet; first
 To honor Prex. and Prof., to honor next
 Our noble classmate Crocker's close escape
 From sycophancy. Finally and last,
 To celebrate our noble union 'gainst
 All odds outside.

JONES.— That is a splendid thought!
 Let's see to it! (*Exeunt all but S., 3d Fr.*)

SCOTT.— Will our guests come?

3d Fr.--

Of course

They will! Why, they are human, man, and each
 And every human man has got a sort
 Of stomach, and delights oft to surprise
 That organ with a decent meal. They'll come!
 My honest word for it, they'll surely come!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.—*Banquet hall. Table in center. Ends of tables seen.
 Prex., Profs., Fresh., with Junior at middle table. Junior at
 the head of the table. Jones, Smith, Crocker, West and Words-
 worth on ends of other tables.*

(Enter Maid.)

Maid.—*(To West,)* Take oysters? Stewed or fried!

WEST.—Sh! *(Pointing to Prof., who is about to ask a blessing.)*

(The Prof. sees the motion, laughs, and sits down.)

3d Fr.—*(Aside.)* That's an official
 Bolt upon the Lord!

PREX.— We mean it well
 Enough, let that suffice!

(They eat.)

Junior.— Now, friends, we must
 Not quit this gay meeting, until we hear
 Some words of what we feel within us. Now
 Professor Goodenough will take the theme,—
 Relation of Professor to the *Boys*.

PROF. G.—This subject, gentlemen, is difficult
 For me to treat to-night, because I seem
 To have a false idea of it, by what
 Occurred the three days past. But I shall try.
 Now we Professors all are paid for work
 We do, and paid to do it full and well,
 And take a pride in doing all things well,
 Just as artificers in other spheres.
 We soon get use to humdrum life and work.
 Our class room soon becomes our world of pride,
 Our world of trials, and our world of care.
 Our world of hope; for there our work of life
 Is done; and we, as other men, desire
 To do some good. We feel we're doing good;
 And this good feeling brightens hours of toil,
 Of tired brain, and lifts great loads of care.
 The student, on the other hand, comes here
 And pays his way, or has it paid for him :

But since he does not work for pay, they try
 To take advantage, many of them, of
 Their teacher, whensoever they can. Now see
 How dear it costs a man who's spent whole hours
 Into the night to get some new and good
 A thing to show next day in class, and all
 Is spoiled by boyish acts. A good week's plan!
 And yet, (why not?) we must provide and earn
 Our livelihood; and this compels us to
 Receive with moderation, all the base
 And boyish impositions cast upon
 Us. And no reverence for us is held:
 But criticised, dispraised, or praised, we stand
 A prey to every chance of ridicule.
 Things seem to look this way to me; and I'm
 Resolved, that I shall act as justly as
 I may, and do as much as e'er I can.
 Despite unkindness, loving every man.
 The teacher should be honest, true and fair.
 No favor, no revenge, harm, anywhere.
 The student should be honest, courteous, kind;
 Ready to work with earnest heart and mind.

Jun.— No honest man will fail to see great force,
 In what Professor said. But now I'll call
 On West to take in briefer words the theme,—
 Relation of the Student to the Prof.

WEST.—Professor Goodenough has shamed me to
 Humility. And yet I find a gem
 Of pardon for the student. We are from
 The world, we find our teachers gathered here,
 And like them, or dislike them, using our
 Own mind to think and heart to feel; and we
 Insist upon the proper man in the
 Right place, or we need not go under him.
 Perhaps we do not feel that reverence
 Which very few of them do seem to want.
 We feel a personal love for him who treats
 Us well. I mean the best of students do.
 A bolt doth neither mean hatred or wrath,—
 'Tis reverence set aside, not wholly lost;
 'Tis love pressed down by reckless love of fun.
 Dishonored? Who dishonored? We? We then
 Did do it unintentionally so.
 The bolt is over now, what are the costs?
 Nothing to us, but this devoured meal;
 Nothing to you, Professor, save a slight
 Unrest. Nothing to you, dear President,
 Except another bolt 'twixt heart and heart,
 To keep them closer, safer, dearer yet.
 We would reject an overbearing bolt.

We would refuse the counsel of a dolt.
 Without a show of right we would not run ;
 Without a show of fight we'd not be won.
 Our battle's o'er, our glee and task is done.
 We now unto a higher work return.
 A taste of worldliness is quite enough.
 We're tired of play, and tired of sturdy cuff.
 One bolt will last us all our mortal day.
 Its lesson soon is learned—it does not pay.
 Receive us once again as students true,
 To tread the higher paths of love anew.

JUNIOR.—We have a hero here. I call up Jones.
 “The fight and the happy result of it.”

JONES.—The fight did much for me. My eye received
 A patch and coat of paint. My heart received
 A curable insult. It did as much
 For many others of my class. But who
 Here now cares for the pain and blows bestowed
 By Freshman canes? That fight has cured a breach.
 A lesson full of meaning doth it teach,—
 That men are men, and heaven help the man
 Who tries to rob one who doth feel he can
 Maintain his own just rights and liberty!
 The lesson of this fight to us shall be,
 To act as gentlemen and not as boys ;
 Contend with thoughts, ideas, and not with toys ;
 To feel respect for lower classmen more,
 Thus we'll receive more honor than before.

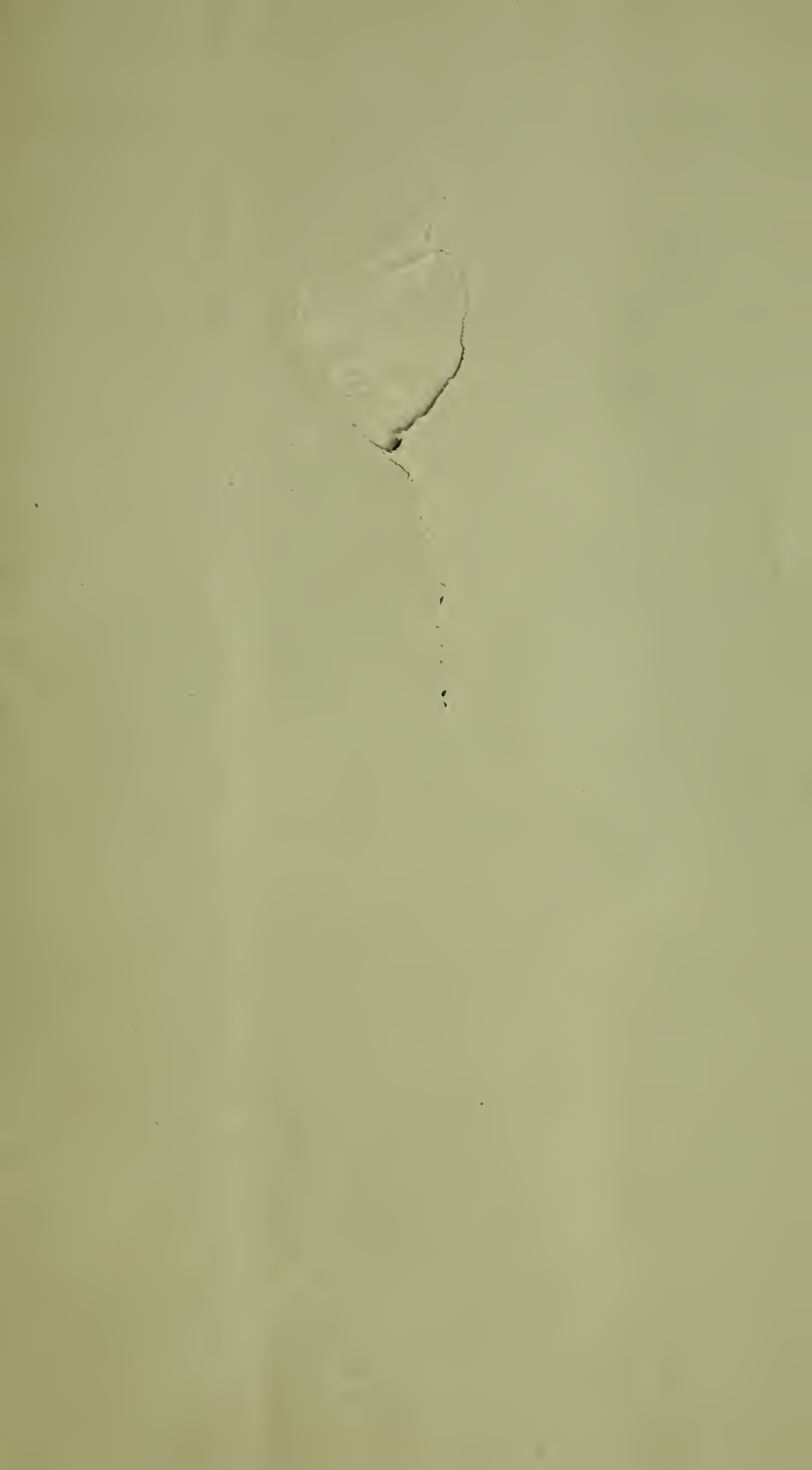
PRES.—(*Rising.*) Submit to me, allow me but a word!
 To you I say that every man should have
 Three times the independence back of him
 As e'er he shows,—a priceless treasure that!
 Let us not mix philosophy to night
 With plain and open causes and effects.
 The students ran because the love of fun
 Surmounted their desire for higher work.
 But for a time you mind, but for a time!
 I welcome you once more to classroom duties,
 To warmer hearts, as well as classic beauties.

(*Song Alma Mater.*)

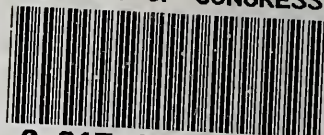
WORDS.—And now we're all content and merry,
 And now content our difference to bury,
 Content to sleep and wake, to-morrow, tarry,
 To hear, and what we hear, away we'll carry.
 Look up and down an enemy's not in vision!
 Look through and through there's not the least division!

(CURTAIN.)

THE END.



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